

spirit of manliness to be able to buy what you want with money which your own hands labored for. Write again, Paul, and tell some of your playmates that the children are to have a whole page in the EVANGELIST provided they will write letters to fill it; and ask them to write too.

RESPONSE TO AUNT ETTA

DEAR AUNT:—In EVANGELIST of Dec. 20, 1893, page 8, you ask a few important questions of the children; and you also made some good suggestions to them, a few of which I wish to notice.

1. You want to know why the children, and a few others, who are lovers of children, do not write more now for the EVANGELIST than they do, or used to do. I cannot answer for others, but will speak for myself. The editor never mistreated me, but ever treated me very kindly. I am not "getting too big to write." I am only six feet in height, and do not weigh as heavily as I did in those former times when I wrote more. I might say that I am "too busy;" but I hear so many persons make that kind of excuse for the neglect of duty that I do not like to make it for myself. I have only one real apology, and that I do not like to offer; but I will briefly allude to it.

I have been an epileptic for a number of years; and this alone hinders any one in any work or calling. I was treated by many physicians, but without success. At present, and for some time past, I am treated by a lady in Philadelphia and am benefited; but as long as I use the medicine, it must cause me to have one very unpleasant and annoying feeling: it is that of drowsiness.

In reading I can read only from five to fifteen minutes until I fall asleep. I may not sleep long, but when I awake, I but dimly remember what I had read. To understand clearly I must turn back a short distance, and when I get to the place where I fell asleep, I begin to get very drowsy, and soon I sleep again. It is the same when I undertake to write to a friend or for a paper; and this hinders me, from undertaking it. When I get drowsy, while writing I make many blunders. Some of the words I do not spell correctly; I leave

out some letters, or words, or phrases; or I put in too many, and I cannot keep along the line, either running up or down, and this annoys the editor and the type-setter. I am getting better but, at any rate, I am in favor of a sixteen page EVANGELIST, of giving one page to children and their uncles and aunts, provided they furnish matter enough to fill it; and I, for one, will agree to write something for that page every month during the year 1894, provided I am spared to do so.

To the children interested, I will say that I do hope you will embrace this opportunity of writing something for the EVANGELIST. It will do us all good now; and it will prepare you for greater usefulness in days and years to come. I close with best wishes to Aunt Etta, and to all who feel an interest in this Work.

Your Friend and Brother.

UNCLE JOE.

Vernalis, Cal.

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH

A distinguished author says, "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation!

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet, "not so wicked," but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupts society.

Young readers, keep your mouths free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil;" but in order to do this ask Jesus to cleanse your heart, and keep it clean, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—*The Christian*.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Book of the New Year is opened,
Its pages are spotless and new,
And so, as each leaflet is turning,
Dear child, take care what you do.

And now with the New Book endeavor
To write its white pages with care,
Each day is a leaflet remember!
To be written with watching and care.

Let each day record a new chapter
Of honor and beauty and love,
Which will ever enrich thee in glory,
When read in the mansions above.

And if on a page you discover
At evening a blot or a scrawl,
Kneel humbly and ask the dear Saviour
In mercy to cover it all.

So when your New Book shall be finished,
And clasped by the Angel of Light,
You may feel, though your work is imperfect,
You have tried to please God in the right.

—*Sunday School Quarterly*.

Many little workers in many little Bands,
Many little stitches by many little hands,
Many little pennies gathered by coy petitions,
Many little souls may save through many little missions.

—*Good Time*.

FAITHFUL ELSIE.

"O, mamma," said Elsie, "aren't you glad it's such a beautiful day?"

It was Saturday afternoon, and she was going to a lawn party at Mable Hall's.

Mamma smiled as Elsie put her arms around her neck, saying, between the kisses, "Won't we have a lovely time?"

"I hope so" said the mother. "Remember, dear, to be unselfish, and make some one else happy."

"Yes, mamma," she replied, "I'll try, good-bye," and off she skipped.

Just as she reached the bottom of the hill and could see Mabel's house at the top, a little barehead child toddled around the corner and came up to her. She knew the washerwomen's baby at once, and she exclaimed, "Why Johnny Murphy! are you running away?"

"Doin' walk," said Johnny, gleefully.

"Where is your mother?" said Elsie.

"Doin' walk," said Johnny again, and off he started!

Elsie looked up the hill and saw children running on the lawn. Her heart beat fast as she thought "The party has begun."

But Johnny—what would become of him if she left him? She ran out into the road brought him back to the sidewalk, and turned down the street leading to the washer woman's.

"Doin' to walk wid oo," said Johnny, as he trotted along by her side holding her hand.